

Owen & Moore, Druggists and Booksellers

Clarksville, Tenn.

Constantly on hand a full supply of

School Books, Miscellaneous Books, Sunday School Books, Writing Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Slates, Inks, Copy Books, Blank Books, and everything pertaining to Office Stationery.

Pure Drugs, Patent Medicines, Dye-Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Teas, Spices, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Cigars, and Tobacco, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

Our Entire Stock is Fresh.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

L. GAUCHAT,

57 Franklin Street, Clarksville, Tenn.



Has just received a large variety of

French and American Clocks,

Which he is selling at lowest prices

Particular attention paid to repairing fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods in the most perfect manner. All work warranted. Nov. 22, 1879-10

S. B. STEWART,

DEALER IN

Drugs and Medicines,

Paints, Oils, Toilet Articles,

Stationery, School Books, Etc.

(Stand formerly occupied by McCauley & Co.)

Clarksville, Tenn.

I cordially invite my friends and former patrons to come and examine stock and prices. August 10, 1878-10

Great Sale of Land

By Order Chancery Court.

7,480 ACRES,

Divided into 47 Tracts, containing from 12 1-2 to 342 Acres.

The Old Tennessee Furnace Lands.

Steam Forge Tract in Dickson Co.

The Louisa Furnace Lands

Stewart and Dick Lands.

MORGAN & CO. ET AL. vs. JACKSON, McKERNON & CO.

Pursuant to a decree of the Chancery Court, at its July Term, 1879, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, at THE OLD TENNESSEE FURNACE, on

Friday, January 2d 1880,

The Old Tennessee Furnace Lands, 1,323 Acres

The Steam Forge Tract in Dickson County, 1,002

The Louisa Furnace Lands, 4,000

The Stewart & Dick Lands, 1,006

Total, 7,480 Acres

Sold as the lands of Jackson, McKernon & Co. The same have been subdivided in 47 farms. A plat is on file in my office, and will also be printed in the Standard.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third cash. Balance on a credit of one and two years, with interest. Notes with good security, and lien retained. No redemption. TOLK G. J. JR.,

C. & M. and Commissioner, Nov. 29, 1879-10

New Firm! New Goods!

J. F. WARFIELD. J. B. REYNOLDS.

WARFIELD & REYNOLDS,

(OPPOSITE FOX & SMITH'S)

If you want bargains in

Drugs and Stationery, Patent Medicines, Dye

Stuffs, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Spices,

Give us a call. We keep a full line of the above at

The Peoples Drug Store!

Prescriptions accurately compounded night or day. January 4, 1878-10

DRUGS and PAINTS

TOILET ARTICLES,

SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

Tobacco, Cigars and Liquors,

AT

G. N. BYERS

BY WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

BE SURE

And try V. L. WILLIAMS, the shoe man, for Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, etc., before buying elsewhere. We sell the best goods, in latest styles, and at the very lowest prices. No. 25 Franklin Street, Clarksville, Tenn.

THE BEST Clarksville Wagons



At Reduced Prices!
AS LOW AS THE LOWEST!

The Clarksville Wagon Co. makes the very best Wagons known to the trade, uses none but thoroughly seasoned timber and other materials of the best quality. Prices Reduced as low as the inferior work of distant factories. We will not be undersold. We offer A No. 1 Wagons, strong and substantial, at very low figures. All our work is warranted. Call at Factory, or on Fox & Smith, Agents, and examine our Wagons before buying.

J. P. Y. WHITEFIELD, President.
B. W. MACRAE, Treasurer.

June 21, 1879-10

S. B. STEWART,

Grand Fall and Winter Opening

—OF—

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING, DRESS GOODS,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps,

BLANKETS, SHAWLS, SKIRTS, ELANNELS, ETC.,

—AT—

Lieber's Trade Palace.

We have now in store the largest stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Dress Goods, Blankets, Shawls, Skirts, Flannels, Boots, Shoes, etc., of any house in Clarksville, all bought before the late rise in goods, and will be sold extremely low, according to present hard times.

A full stock of Flannels, 50 pairs of Blankets, 100 pieces of Jeans and Doeskins, Canton Flannels, 2,000 yards Brown Cotton.

150 PIECES OF FALL PRINTS!

3,000 yards Dress Goods, with Trimmings to match, in Silks, Satins and Velvets.

The largest assortment and finest line of FANCY HOSIE for Children, Misses and Ladies in the city.

A beautiful line of Black, Garnet, Plum, Seal Brown, Myrtle Green, and Navy Blue Cashmeres, for sale very low.

The Largest Line of Fall and Winter Clothing

In this market, which we will sell at 10 per cent. less than last year. 250 Men's suits, 100 Boys' and Youths', 300 Overcoats of all styles and prices. A very large assortment of

LADIES' CLOAKS, CHAPER THAN EVER.

Our entire stock of CARPETS, 15 per cent. cheaper than Eastern cost, to close out.

We invite you to come and price our goods, as we will give you the most goods and biggest bundles for the least money.

We also will inform the public that we have made arrangements with an Eastern Buyer who will watch the market closely, and send us NEW GOODS WEEKLY, which we will sell 15 per cent. cheaper than any other house in the city.

Our motto will be, QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS, and we will not be undersold by anybody.

The Trade Palace is the Place to Buy Your Goods,

And it behooves the rich man and the poor man, the farmer and the mechanic, the laborer and the rest of mankind to call and convince yourselves, before you buy elsewhere, as a dollar saved is a dollar made.

Thanking the public and my friends for their very liberal patronage in the past, and hoping a continuance of the same in the future. Respectfully,

PHILIP LIEBER.

P. S.—Clothing will be made a specialty this fall, and will be sold 10 per cent. cheaper than any other house in the city will sell them.

We also have a large lot of Remnants in Calico and Worsteds goods which we will sell for 50 cents on the dollar. sept. 27-10

PITMAN & LEWIS.

THE

Clothier!

Of Clarksville, Tenn.

April 5, 1879.

Tobacco Contracts Neatly Printed

and Bound at this Office.

Franklin Bank,

FRANKLIN STREET,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

STOCKHOLDERS.

Virgil A. Gurnett, Stephen Pettus,
Mrs. T. F. Pettus, W. H. Wilder,
A. J. Darnall, W. B. Green,
W. T. McKeon, D. K. Kinnaman,
Geo. Smoot, J. G. Joseph.P. G. HAMBAUGH, President.
W. S. FINKBEINER, Cashier.

Nov. 24, 1877-10

A Clarksville Girl in the North.

EDITORS CHRONICLE: In my last

to your endeavor was to give

some idea of city life here; now, if

my readers were interested

sufficiently therein to give me another

hearing, and would like to view the

interiors of some renowned country

houses, and become acquainted with

some charming people and things, let

them accompany me in spirit to the

old Dutch village of Hobokas,

New Jersey, which lies at the distance

of twenty-five miles from New

York, through a lovely broken country.

Recently I was asked to spend a

week with some elegant people re-

siding at the above-mentioned place,

and after arriving and taking tea,

my hostess informed me that we

were invited to spend the evening

at the house of one Mr. Rosenzanz

(a gentleman of wealth and refinement),

who lived in the oldest and

most celebrated house in the place,

being known as the one in which

Aaron Burr wooed and won his

beautiful wife years on years ago.

Being all anxiety to see this curious

old mansion, I eagerly consented to

go; and after wrapping up to suit

the Jersey nights, my host and wife,

his sister and I, started off by the

light of a glimmering torch, traversed

a deep black wood and a fallow-down,

and coming abruptly upon a broad sandy road, saw dimly

looming before us an old stone gate-way.

After passing under a low-browed porch,

overhung with many facades and quaintly

carved stone gables. The wide hall doors were thrown open,

and standing within the frame thus

formed were Mr. Rosenzanz and wife to receive us. What a striking

picture they presented, he being a

grand old man with snow-white hair

and moustache, tall and very erect,

with a military carriage, and she as young and fair as a lily queen,

robed in a soft, clinging gray dress,

with a tiny scarlet flame of rare flowers

at her throat. As she and her

kingly husband moved forward to

welcome me with graceful warmth,

I caught my breath in admiration,

for against the Rembrandt-like shadows

of the dark walnut-wooded archway they

seemed to glow with the realities of some

exquisite conception of this great artist

dreamed of hundreds of years gone by.

On entering the drawing-rooms we

were introduced to a company of

friends of theirs, mostly New Yorkers,

and a dozen in number—quite a small and select party. As the

word stranger means "open sesame" to

the warmest hospitality here, very soon I was put at ease and

made to feel perfectly at home by the

kindest attentions of all; music, laughter

and song reigned supreme until after ten,

when we were called out to the supper-room.

This apartment merits a description, for 'tis a

marvel in its way. A long, low room

with dark inlaid walls, hung in the richest

crimson, the windows set deep into the

sides, bearing little diamond-shaped panes

of glass clear and having broad ledges; a

wide, great fire-place laid in tiles, and

mantle so high it nearly reached the

ceiling, which is quite low. The furniture

is in keeping with the rest, being antique

and rich. My host took me to the table and

told me of the honor at his right. In the

courtly elegance of his manner he

reminded me strongly of our own

Chesterfield, Major G. Henry. The

collation was served in exquisite style.

The china, silver and cut glass all bearing the family monogram

in daintiest tracery and being superb.

Looking up the long, glittering table, I was charmed with the

effect, for it seemed a "goodly company"

of lords and ladies in some ancestral

castle on the Rhine. Mr. Rosenzanz

insisted, as it was now midnight, we

should carry a faint light and see every

nook and cranny of the quaint old home

of which he is so proud. So calling for a

candle, he in person led the party. Through

wide corridors, misty and dark, down long

halls and past broad staircases, we followed,

until he threw open the library door and

motioned us to enter. In here we found every

thing in grateful a cultivated taste. The

room is something like the dining hall in

structure, and having the same shaped

windows and doors. Going to one end of

the room, my host called me to see one large,

oddly-shaped window, saying that it was an

elegant place for lovers, for the seat was

so deep and wide that two could easily sit

on it, and, by dropping the heavy curtains

between themselves and the outside world,

have a little paradise. "Oh," cried I, "surely

this is the spot in which Burr breathed his

love for the beautiful Theodora!" How nice

for the succeeding generations to follow in

his illustrious footsteps in this respect only.

"No," answered mine host, "presently I shall show you that

room." So after we had duly admired his

handsome library, he drew us up in a line

before a little black door set deep into the

wall (for the entire house is of Dutch stone

and built in regular Dutch style), and turning

the flickery little knob, bade us enter. We saw a small oblong

room, the entire ceiling blackened with age

and so low that a very tall man could scarcely

stand erect; queer alcoves and corners played

hide and seek with each other; the carved mantle-tree

grinned at us in mocking laughter, and the

funny, odd Dutch chairs, chairs and settees in

fantastic shapes, joined in the weird mirth.

A feeling of awe not unmixed with gaiety held

us spell-bound until I crept up to Mr. Rosenzanz,

saying, "Let me, oh let me get within the sacred

confines of the spot in which all those dead and

gone sighs, tears, vows (and maybe kisses), were given;"

for thinking that they being so famous, some of

them might have become embodied and nestled

away in the fretted roof and hollow eaves, and

hearing my earnest words, fall upon me as a

mantle, bringing a remnant of their former

sweetness with them. Well, I did stand in the

exact spot, but don't, now don't ask me to tell

if I saw anything more real whirled over my

listening ears; for, reader dear, the charm once

told is forever lost.

After viewing the lower floor our friends

proposed our adjournment to the warmth and

light of the conservatory, and thence to parlors.

In passing through the former a lady plucked

a lemon blossom, white and fragrant, and gave it

to me as a keepsake. On reaching the parlor an

old lady in the party suddenly asked if we would

all join in an old-fashioned dance, the minuet?"

and as we laughingly consented, taking places

hand in hand, she and our host led us to the

top of the set, the music commenced, and down

the center and up the middle, snailing, bowing,

curving and promenading in grand style, as

shades of the past, we danced. The old Dutch

music, faster and faster grew the music, quicker

and quicker grew their motions, until we could

distinguish nothing but flying feet and the long

sweep of black gowns. We young folks looked

on in amazement, forgetting our parts, and

shrieked after shriek of laughter went up. The

old lady laughed as long and loud as any

jigged on; then waving her hand, cried, "Come

on, you young people, come on," and catching

the inspiration of the moment, the old Dutch

music rushed over to the top of the set, a

mischievous young fellow caught up the old

lady and whirled her to bottom, the sides were

speedily filled with the others and a fast and

furious breakdown commenced. Imagine it! A

midnight dance in a room nearly two hundred

years old; the shining floors, the ancient

furniture, books and pictures, the weird music,

dying away in the dim arches and stairways,

and the broad, deep fire-light shining over all.

"Twas glorious!" the old Dutch music rushed

over to the top of the set, a mischievous

young fellow caught up the old lady and

whirled her to bottom, the sides were speedily

filled with the others and a fast and furious

breakdown commenced. Imagine it! A midnight

dance in a room nearly two hundred years old;

the shining floors, the ancient furniture, books

and pictures, the weird music, dying away in

the dim arches and stairways, and the broad,